

The History of

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the soule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I so lavish of my presence beene,
So common hackneied in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would say, Where? which is *Bullingbrooke*?
And then I stole all courtesie from heaven,
And drest my selfe in such humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes,
Even in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state,
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And wanne by rarenesse such solemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and downe,
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of every beardlessse vaine comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enforc't himselfe to popularity,
That being daily swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfeited with Hony, and began to loath
The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little,

Henry

More then a little, is by much
So when he had occasion to be
He was, but as the Cuckow
Heard, not regarded: seene
As sicke and blunted with care
Afford no extraordinary gain
Such as is bent on sun-like M
When it shines seldome in a
But rather drowzd, and hu
Slept in his face, and rendr
As cloudy men use to doe to
Being with his presence, glu
And in that very line, *Harry*
For, thou hast lost thy Princ
With vile participation. No
But is a weary of thy comm
Save mine, which hath de
Which now doth that I wo
Make blind it selfe with fo
Prin. I shall hereafter, n
Be more my selfe. *Ki*
As thou art to this houre, w
When I from France set foo
And even as I was then, is
Now by my scepter, and my
He hath more worthy inter
Then thou, the shadow of
For of no right nor colour
He doth fill fields with Har
Turnes head against the Lyo
And being no more in debt to
Leads ancient Lords, and rev
To bloody battels, and to bru
What never-dying honour
Against renowned *Douglas*
Whose hot incursions and gr
Holds from all souldiers ch
And military title capitall,

More